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**THE BACKGROUND AND CEREMONIES
OF THE CHURCH OF SCIENTOLOGY
OF CALIFORNIA, WORLD WIDE**

**The Church of Scientology World Wide
1970**

A FUNERAL FOR HOMO SAPIENS

by Tom Esterbrook

From treetop stepped
Into
The Bravery of Cave
Who feared you, Man?
The Animals that
Fattened on your Child?
Not they?
The lice that ate your armpits
and your pelf?
Not they?
Big toothed Man
Whose teeth
Would scarcely scratch
A fang,
Who feared you then?
Not they, the animals of Earth.
But eons later, Man,
You showed them sure
For there they lie
The species that once sneered.
They're dead
The pigeon and the fawn, the otter
and the swan,
You showed them, Man.
With fire, plunder and the
Sword
You showed them, Man,
And now they're dead
Sorry
Doubtless
That they sneered.
And you,
Grown big in weapons
Small in sense,
Where are you, Man?
Under the clouds
Of H Bomb pitted Earth
You sleep.
Where are you now, O Man?
And they, the ones you showed
In your brief bow
Into Eternity,
They sleep.
Ah, peaceful now the Earth
With none to mourn

or Sigh
For your demise
How Quiet here
This grave called
Earth.
But doubtless you knew best.
You showed them sure.
Unfortunate it is
You showed yourself
As Well.
Was it worth it, Man?
Amen.